

THE HOME CIRCLE

October Days.

O rare October days! Ye leave your strange
Foreshades of things ideal everywhere;
Autumnal glory crowns the mountain range;
Autumnal rapture floods the tranced air;
Steeped in a golden languor sleeps the sky,
As sinks the drowsy sun into his rest,
Where burning clouds in crimson masses lie
Athwart the glowing portals of the West.

The waning sunshine softens over all;
Unto the music of the sweet-voiced rills.
Enchanted lights and shadows rise and fall
Within the charmed circles of the hills;
The hazy wold a magic vision seems;
The far-off heights a fairy glamour take;
And distant headlands, dim as summer dreams,
Immerge their purple shadows in the lake.

From the brown stubble-fields on either side
Is heard the mellow piping of the quail;
And, from an opal sky faint-flushed and wide,
The Hunter's moon look's down, serene and pale;

On steep remote the parting sunbeams rest;
Illusive shapes the bosky hollows fill;
Then twilight shades the quiet glens invest,
And all is dim, and mystical, and still.

—Alfred Abernethy Cowles.

TO THE GIRL AWAY FROM HOME.

A Little Talk to the New Girl in the Boarding School.

In a few days there will be a grand exodus and our girls are going away to school; to some it is an old story, but my message is not to these, but to the lassie who is going away for the first time.

It all seems so grand when you are saying good-bye to the little group of friends left behind, but as the train leaves home and mother, the courage seems to ooze out of your finger-tips and all the landscape is blurred; if it were not for the comments of your chums you would take the next train home, but how could you stand their sly remarks and titters? So you gulp down the sobs and try to be brave for the ordeal that awaits you.

You are now entering a world that is so different from the one you left; there you were of some importance, but now you are just one among many girls, and must learn the sad lesson that your wonderful achievements in your home seminary are not known all over the State, as you so fondly hoped.

I wonder how many times, dear little heart, that you have cried yourself to sleep and how often you have longed for home that has suddenly grown more beautiful to you? You have so many things to learn and so many to unlearn, and I am going to put my arms around you while I talk to you about your new life.

First, let me beg you to remember that none of us know just what is in store for us, and the girl of wealth of to-day may be penniless to-morrow. You are here to-day, and are given advantage of education so that you can fit yourself for any position in this world. I can see your proud little head uplifted as you say that you will never need to work, as your father is the wealthiest man in town. Dear, we thank God that our future is hidden from us, for we might not have the courage to face the heartaches that awaits us, and each day brings me letters from girls and women, begging that I will find them something to do. A few years ago they had been wealthy, but the wheel of Fate had turned, and their riches had flown. What can they do? Ah, that is the sad part; they are too proud to take a menial position and have not education enough to take a position of trust. Money had been lavished on their education, but why should they study when it was not necessary?

Believe me, lassie mine, that the bread of dependence is bitter, and every boy and girl should

be taught to earn his or her living, so that if misfortune comes they can take up the burden and not be a burden.

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Then, I would ask you to remember that simplicity in dress is the first requisite of a lady; the school-room is no place for a display of silks and jewels, and the wise mother is the one who remembers this.

You say you would like to be a leader among the girls. I can understand this, for we all would like to be leaders, whether it would be in the mimic battle of school life or in the real one in the world. Do you know that a leader among girls has more influence than the teacher? You look surprised, but one girl can do more harm or good in a quiet way than all the lectures of the teacher. A girl will hesitate a long while before she will brave the outspoken criticisms of her classmates, and so you see just how much your example will mean.

You say the girls will call you old-fashioned and say you are too good to live; perhaps they may, but in their hearts they will respect the girl who is brave enough to stand up for the right.

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Oh, yes, you can have a good time, but in a healthy way, and in a way that does not mean breaking of the rules. Do not misunderstand me, little lassie, for I want you to have a good time, and would fill your life with pleasure, but not such pleasures as midnight suppers, broken rules and escapades that may ruin your whole life. It sounds so big to talk of all these, and the school girl of to-day seems to think her life incomplete without it. But there are so many other ways of having a good time, why is it necessary to eat indigestible food while your teeth are chattering, or concoct some plan with terror of being caught? Of course, there are some girls who enjoy these things, but one must feel sorry for them, for it always mean a lack of mother's love and sympathy. Have your little feasts and your plans, but do it openly and at sensible hours, and, believe me, that your teachers, if you go to them in the right spirit, will be glad to aid you.

Do not say that these are girls of the past and that we are too progressive to keep our girls in such bounds. You are right, but I thank God there are still some old-fashioned mothers who believe in keeping their girls as girls should be kept. Many a mother to-day is sitting heart-broken because of the indulgences given her daughter, and my constant prayer is that my girls may be of the old-fashioned type, for they make the truest wives and mothers.

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And to whom may you write? Only to your family and a few girl friends. Girls who have a large correspondence cannot do good work at school, and the two B's never work together. Boys by themselves and Books by themselves are good, but the combination of boys and books has never proven successful.

Dear heart, look up into my eyes and promise me that you will never write anything that you would be ashamed to show your mother. I cannot tell you how many lives have been wrecked just by some foolish note written in the school girl's days, but which brought the blush of mortification to the writer's face in after years. Many of the boys of to-day seem to lack the chivalry of their ancestors, for it is a common occurrence of to-day to see a young fellow boast of his conquests as he passes some young girl's letter to his companions. I wonder what some mothers would say if they could hear the jests passed and know how lightly their daughters' names were used. You say that your mother trusts you, but, dear, are you old or wise enough for that trust, and is it not better to be guided until you know something of life and its perils? God's ways are always the best, but I wonder sometimes why some mothers have children, and believe firmly that an all-wise Provi-

dence watches over them, for surely their mothers do not.

You are fortunate, little one, to have an old-fashioned mother, and I know that you think it hard that you cannot do the many things that other girls do, but some day you will thank God for such a mother.

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The first bell is ringing and I must let you go to your studies, but before you go I want to remind you that boasting is a sign of weakness. If your lineage is good, words are not necessary, for it tells in your actions. Remember that you are away from home and cannot expect the same luxuries; you will find that the girl that complains the most has been accustomed to the least at home, for the true lady adapts herself to circumstances. Do not be a grumbler, but if things go wrong go directly to headquarters, for nothing is gained by deceit, and it takes twenty lies to uphold the first one you told.

Do not be a gossip; be silent if you cannot say something good of some one; more lives of young girls have been ruined by the knowing smile or uplifted eyebrow, and remember that the truest charity of all is the charity of speech.

I wish that I could impress upon young girls the importance of your having a stated allowance and keeping a careful account of same. Parents complain continually of the extravagance of girls, but it is their fault, for they should insist upon a certain sum each week or month, and an account kept of same.

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The time is almost up, and I must say good-bye, but must give you two more "Don'ts."

Don't tell things to girls that you will regret afterwards; there is but one earthly friend to whom you should tell everything, and that is your mother. Remember that some day your dearest friend may become your enemy, and it is a grave mistake to show the depths of your heart to any one but to your mother and God.

And what is my last "Don't," you ask? It is that you do not forget your mother, but that your separation from her will make you love her more and more. It may be that you are going to return to a home more humble than your school, but do not let it change your heart. It is home, and remember that your greatest happiness should be there, and in return for the sacrifices that your parents have made, you will fill the summer months with little deeds of love, so that they will know that their little lassie, with her heart of gold, has not changed.

The bell is ringing but before you go I put my arms around you for the sake of the dear mother who is praying that her little girl is well and happy in her new life, and this prayer will keep and guard your dear heart.—Sophie B. Wright, in New Orleans Picayune.

Mixed up the Candidates.

Speakers frequently arrive late, and are usually unacquainted with the names of the different local candidates, hence they occasionally make amusing blunders, one of which was recently made in New York City by a noted speaker from the West. He had understood that it would be safe to attack the character and standing of a certain opposing candidate; but he got the names mixed, and began giving his own party's candidate, whose name was Brown, particular fits.

"Why, this man Brown," said he, "does not belong in an intelligent community like this; he is the least representative of all the citizens of this locality; he—" At this point the chairman informed him that Brown was their man, whereupon the speaker continued: "That, ladies and gentlemen, is what his enemies say about him. But let me tell you the sort of man he really is." Then he proceeded to make him out too good for a citizen of this old wabbly globe.—Woman's Home Companion.